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# ALPHA FLIGHT



PUCK,  
BE CAREFUL!  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING  
TO HER!

TAKE IT EASY, BOSS,  
MARRINA WOULDN'T  
HURT ME!



STAN LEE PRESENTS: CANADA'S OWN ALPHA FLIGHT!

# SHADOWS OF THE PAST

TWENTY MILES SOUTH AND WEST  
OF FORT ALBANY, ONTARIO,  
LIES A VAST, UNDEVELOPED AREA  
YOU WILL NOT FIND ON ANY MAP

IT IS THE ULTRA-TOP  
SECRET ALBANY RIVER  
PROVING GROUNDS,  
WHERE MOST OF  
CANADA'S SECRET  
MILITARY WEAPONRY  
IS TESTED.

BUT IT IS NOT A MILITARY  
WEAPON WHICH NOW  
STREAKS ACROSS THE  
MID-MORNING SKY.  
IT IS A MAN.

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A MAN WHOSE PRESENT ROLE IS ILL-SUITED TO HIS NATURAL TEMPERAMENT. HE IS A SCIENTIST, A RESEARCHER, AND DISINCLINED TO THE HEROIC MOLO INTO WHICH FATE HAS CAST HIM.

HIS NAME IS JAMES MACDONALD HUDSON, BUT TO THE WORLD AT LARGE HE IS BETTER KNOWN AS...



VINDICATOR!

WHAT THE BLAZES...

ALERT, MON CHER! YOU ARE ATTACKED!

NORTH STAR!

AURORA!

BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM TO KNOW IT!

FOR SHAME, O FEARLESS LEADER!

BLAST! I'D GUESSED THE ENERGIES OF THE TWINS' HYPER-SPEED MIGHT PLAY HAVOC WITH MY SUIT'S DEFENSE FIELDS.

ALLOWING YOURSELF TO BE CAUGHT OFF-GUARD LIKE THAT! VERY CLUMSY!

ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S ONLY SASQUATCH TO CATCH YOU.

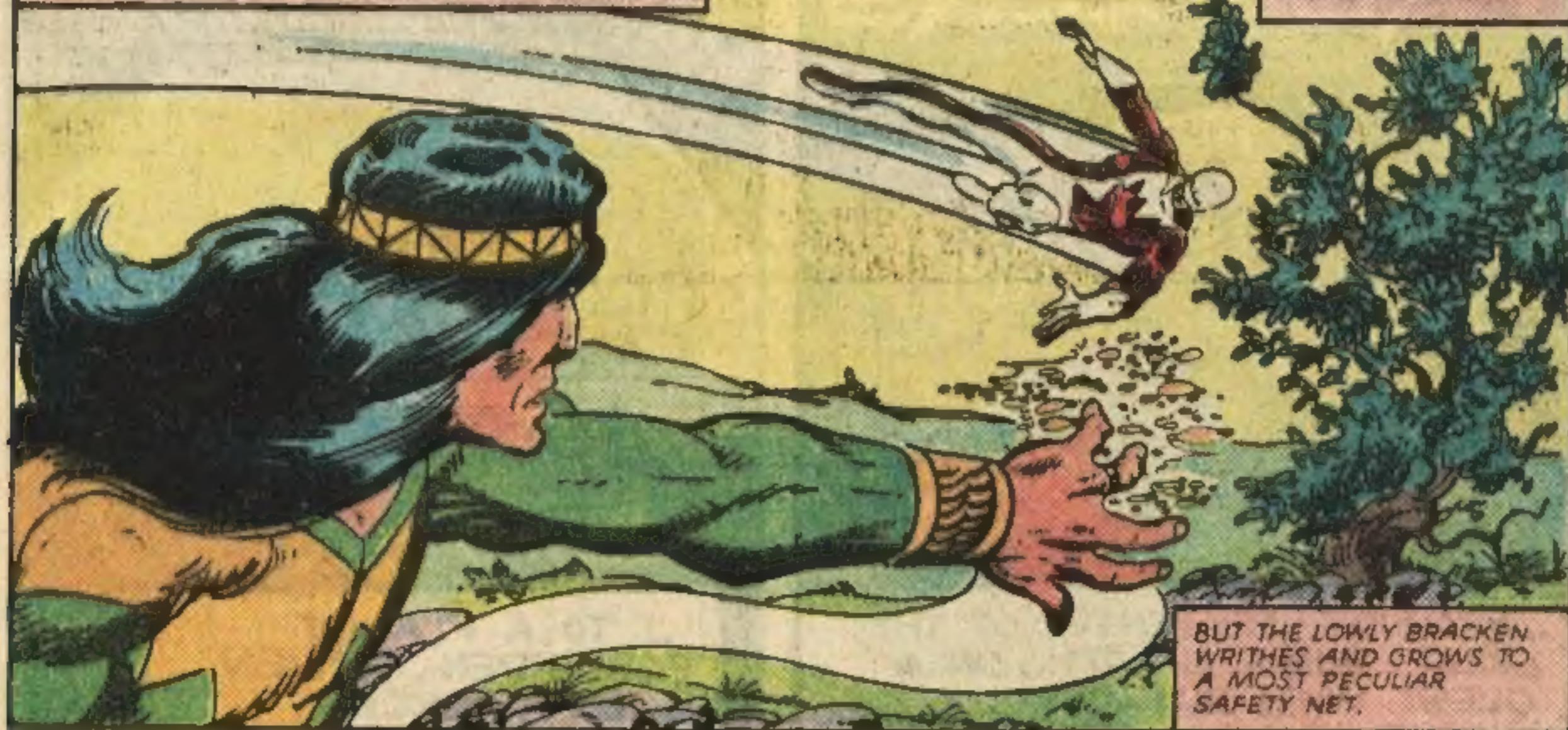
SASQUATCH, NO! HIS FORCE-FIELD IS DOWN...!

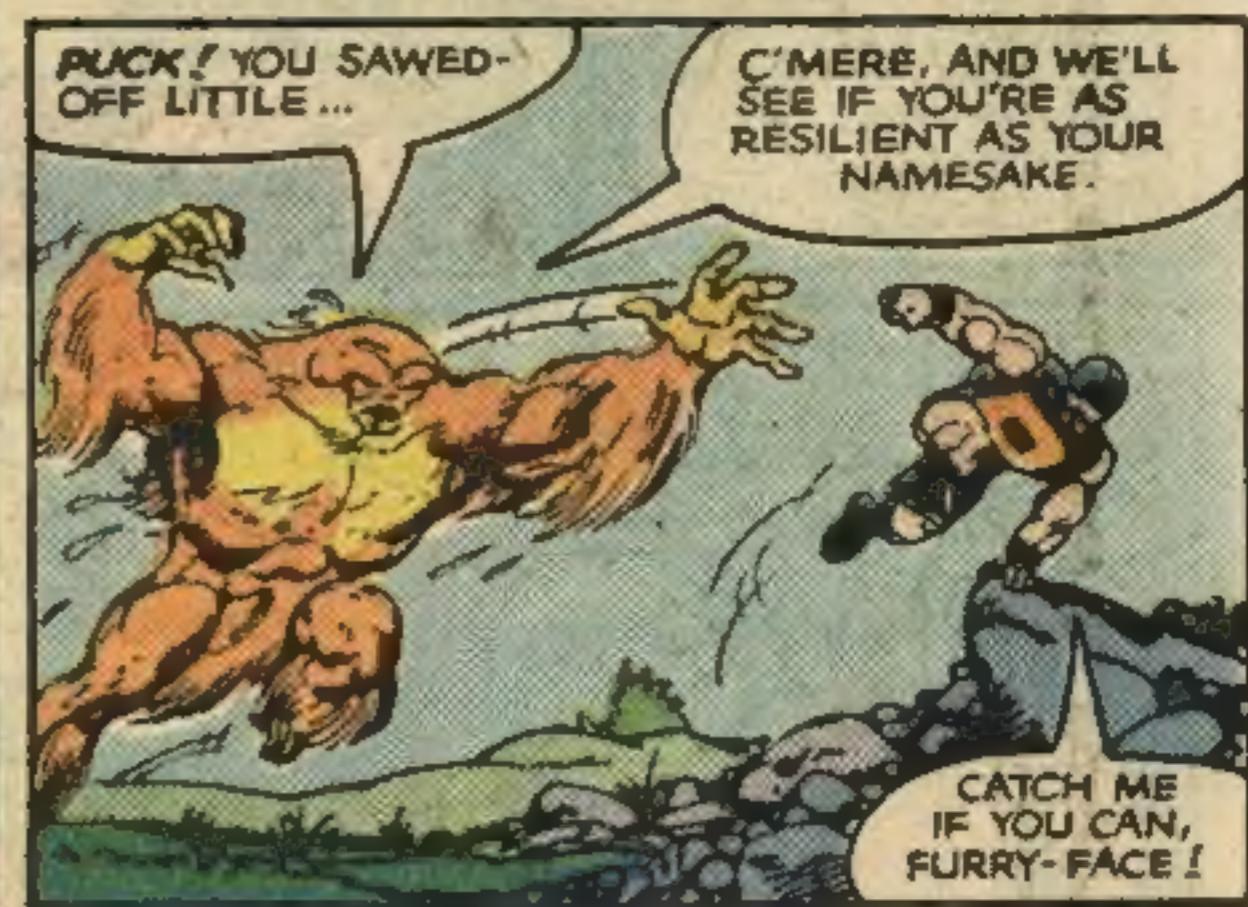
TOO LATE. HE DID NOT HEAR ME.

AND I'M ON THE WRONG SIDE!

INSTINCTIVELY THE SARCEE MEDICINE CHIEF'S STRONG HAND SNATCHES ARCANE POWDERS FROM THE POUCH AT HIS BELT.

THEY DO BARELY MORE THAN TOUCH THE OPEN AIR...





AND THAT IS WHY YOU WENT INTO THE UNITED STATES AS WEAPON ALPHA, AND RETURNED AS VINDICATOR. I KNOW THAT FULL WELL, JAMES. BUT THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO ACCEPT WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE. TO CLAIM YOUR OWN IDENTITY.

PLEASE DON'T LECTURE ME, MICHAEL. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, AND WHY.

ALPHA FLIGHT MUST HAVE AT LEAST A TITULAR HEAD, AND HAVING LOST WOLVERINE, I ACCEPT THAT MUST BE ME.



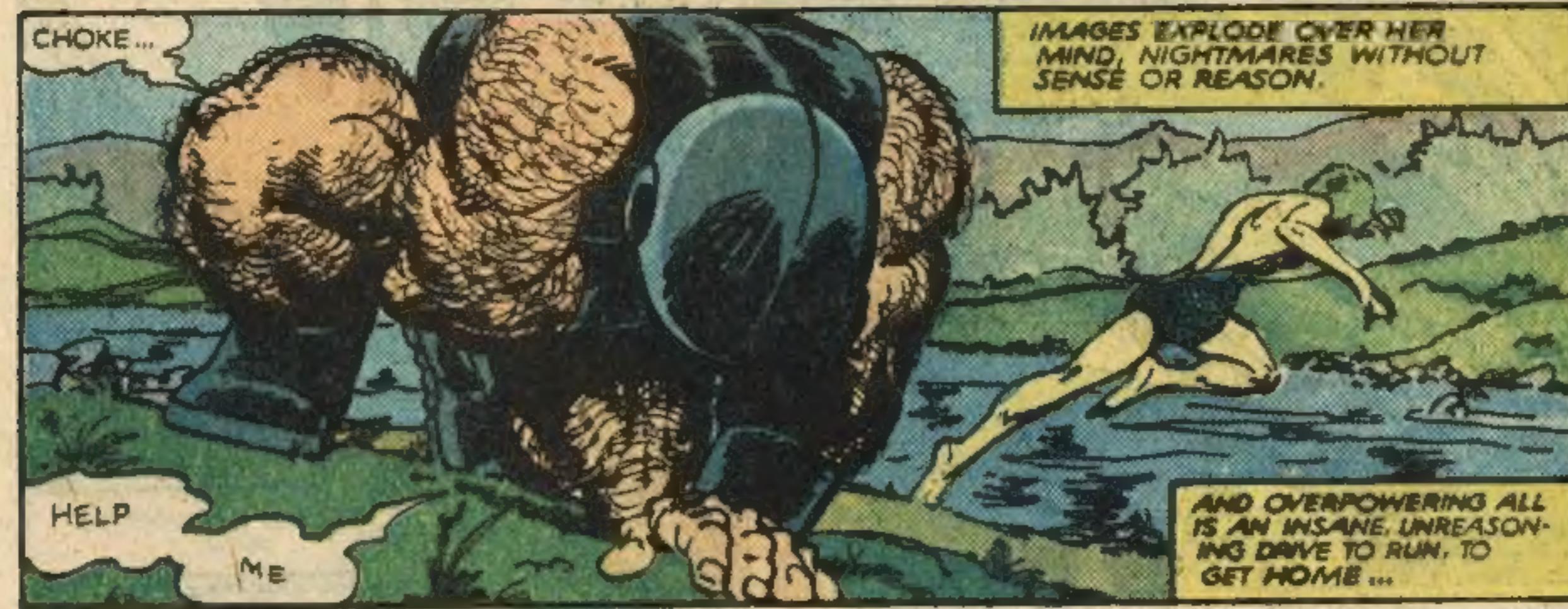
YOU ARE OUR OWN CAPTAIN AMERICA, JAMES. YOU REPRESENT THE NATION, AND WHILE YOU MAY FEEL YOU HAVE MUCH TO VINDICATE, CANADA DOES NOT.

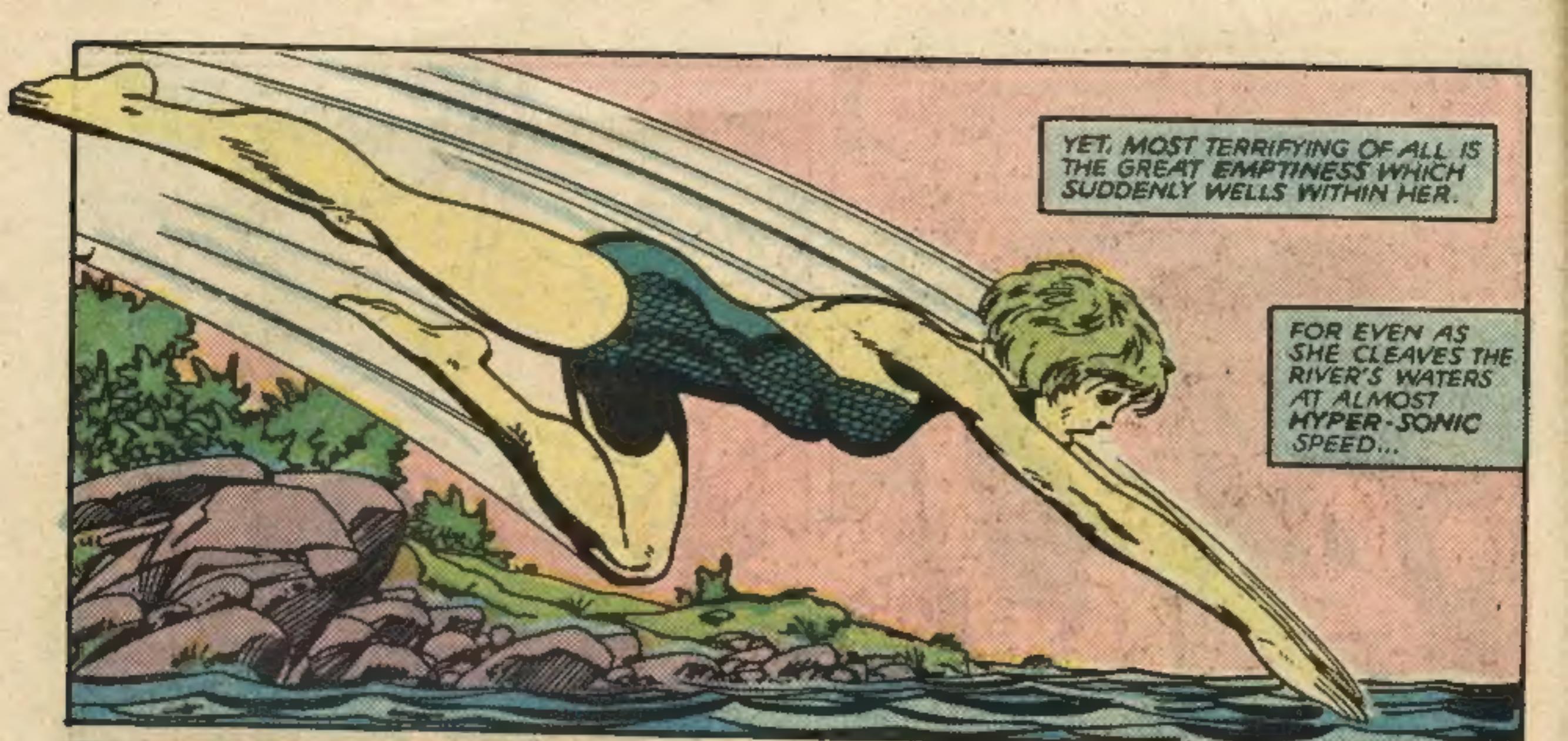
JUST THEN...

ATTENTION, MES AMIS. AS REQUESTED, MY SISTER HAS SUCCEEDED IN SOOTHING OUR ORANGE OAF.

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, NORTHSTAR. I MAY GET A SUDDEN CRAVING FOR FROG'S LEGS.

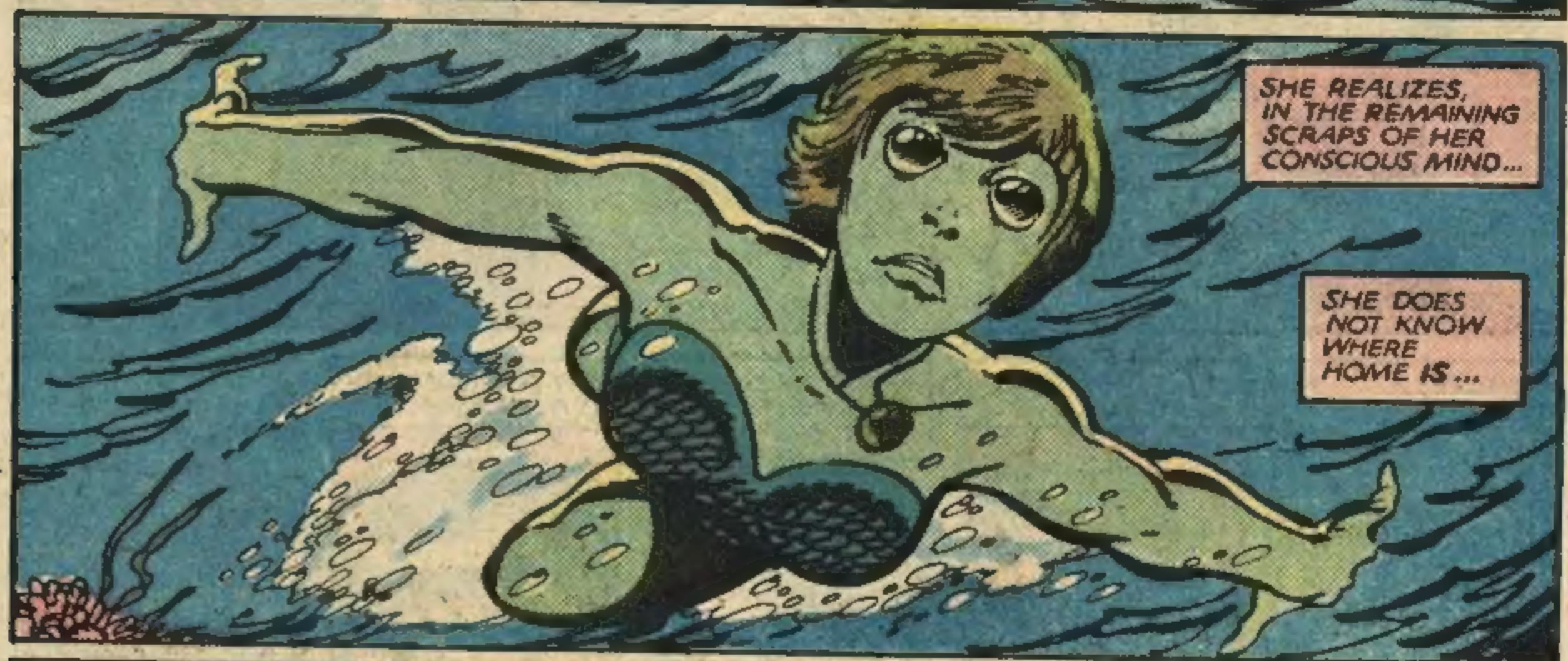






YET, MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL IS THE GREAT EMPTINESS WHICH SUDDENLY WELLS WITHIN HER.

FOR EVEN AS SHE CLEAVES THE RIVER'S WATERS AT ALMOST HYPER-SONIC SPEED...



AND, ON THE RIVERBANK...

SHE'S GETTING AWAY!  
JEANNE-MARIE  
QUICKLY, AS WE  
PRACTICED...

I AM WITH  
YOU, BROTHER.  
SHE WILL NOT  
GET FAR.

BUT HIS WORDS GO UNHEEDED,  
AS THE SPEEDSTERS FLASH  
LOW ACROSS THE LENGTH OF  
THE ALBANY...



BUT...

GOOD TRICK, BUT A  
WASTE OF TIME, I'M  
AFRAID. THE MOMENT SHE  
HIT THE WATER SHE WAS  
DOING OVER 900  
KNOTS.

SACRE BLEU! SHE  
WOULD HAVE BEEN A  
DOZEN KILOMETERS AWAY  
BEFORE WE EVEN MOVED!



EXACTLY. THE TWO  
OF YOU ARE ALMOST  
INFINITELY FASTER,  
BUT SHE WAS GONE  
BEFORE YOU  
COULD REACT.

TRUE! BUT EVEN  
THE LEGENDARY  
SUB-MARINER  
DOES NOT COMMAND  
SUCH SPEED!

AND THAT  
MEANS SHE  
GETS AWAY  
SCOTT  
FREE?

NOT QUITE,  
WALT. SHE'S  
STILL WEARING  
HER FLIGHT  
SIGNAL  
MEDALLION.  
WE CAN  
TRACK HER.

NOT GOOD, JAMES.  
MY MAGICKS HAVE  
REDUCED HIS PAIN  
AND MORE OR LESS  
STABILIZED HIS  
CONDITION...

BUT MARRINA NEARLY  
DISEMBOWELLED  
HIM. HE'S LOST A LOT  
OF BLOOD, AND  
INTERNAL TISSUE.

IN A CASE LIKE  
THIS HE NEEDS  
DR. MICHAEL  
TWOYOUNGMEN  
MORE THAN  
HE NEEDS  
SHAMAN.



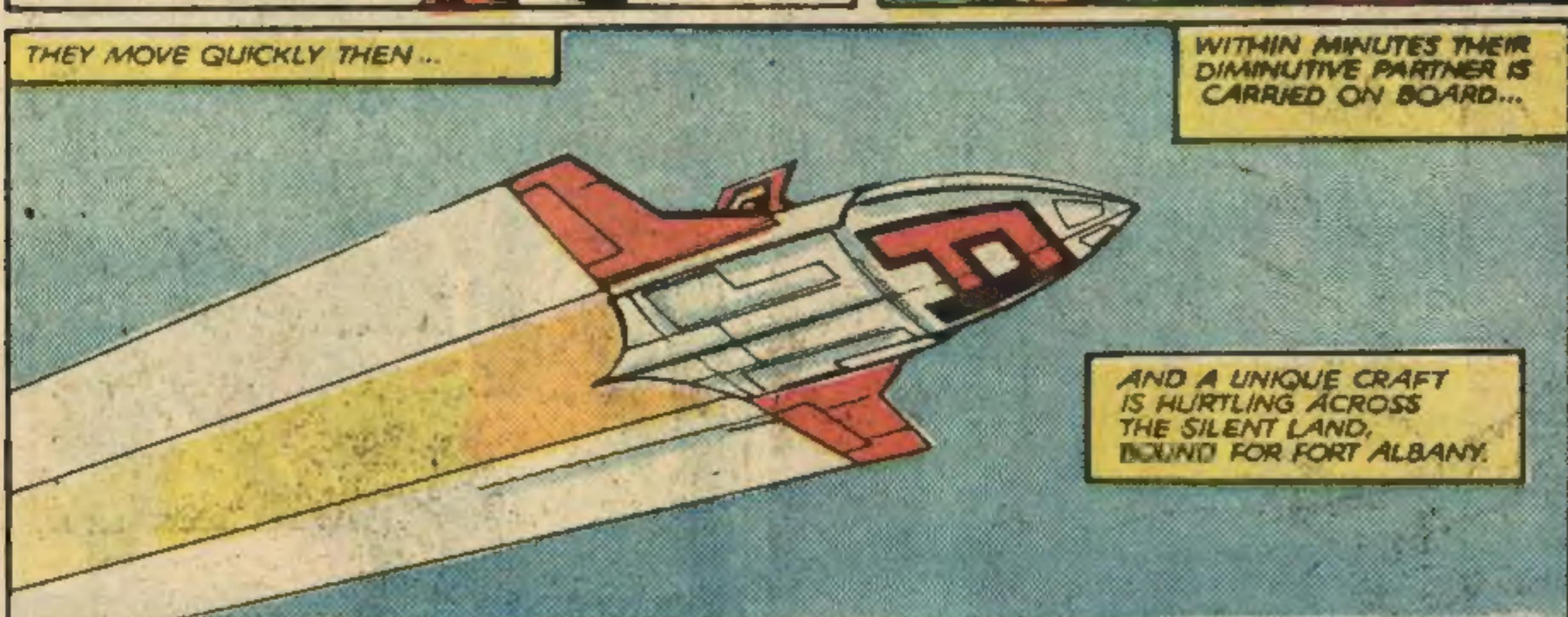
BUT RIGHT NOW  
I'M MORE CONCERNED  
WITH PUCK.

MICHAEL?



THEY MOVE QUICKLY THEN...

WITHIN MINUTES THEIR  
DIMINUTIVE PARTNER IS  
CARRIED ON BOARD...



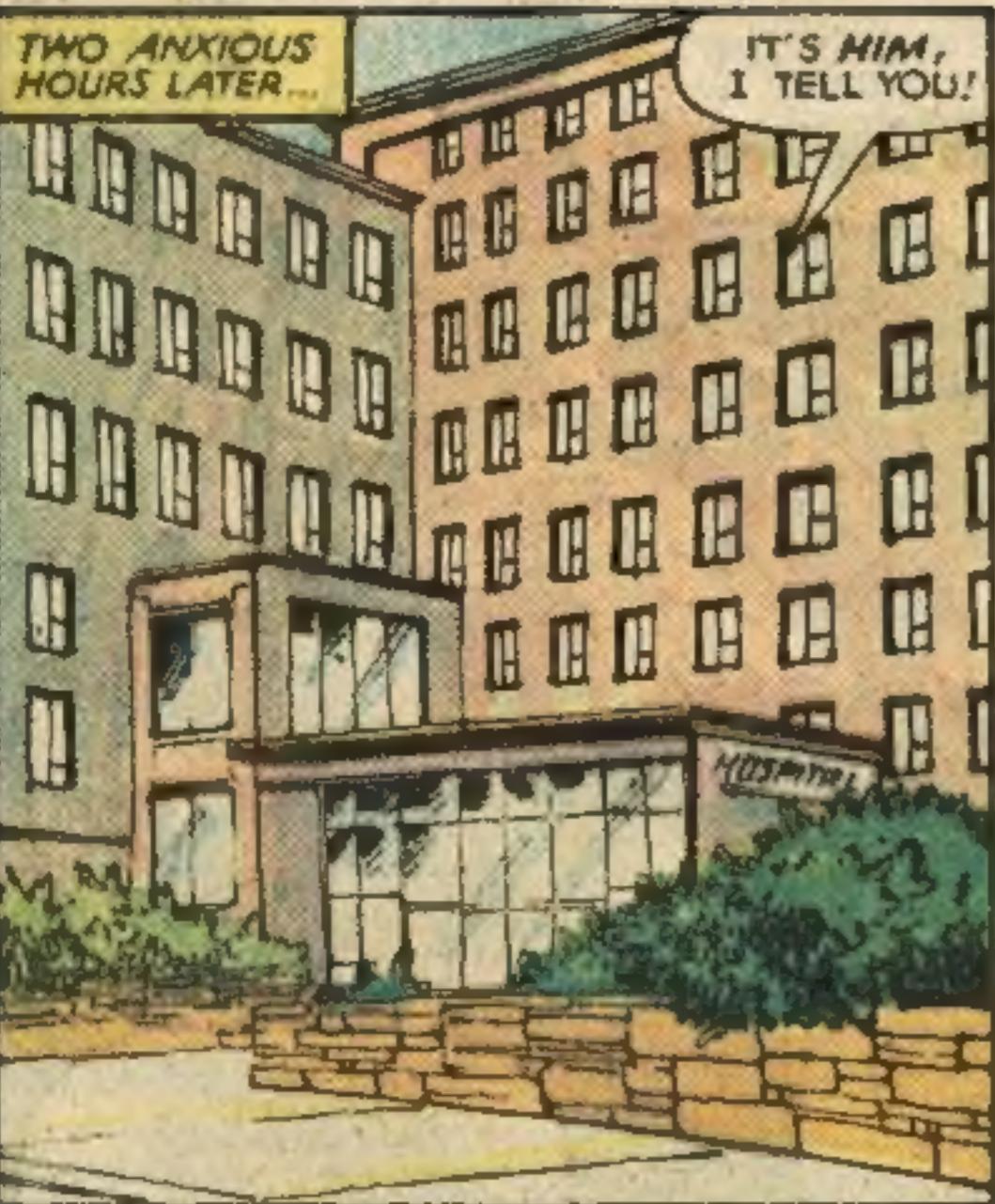
AND A UNIQUE CRAFT  
IS HURTLING ACROSS  
THE SILENT LAND,  
BOUND FOR FORT ALBANY.

TWO ANXIOUS  
HOURS LATER...

IT'S HIM,  
I TELL YOU!

BUT WHAT THE HECK  
IS HE DOING HERE?  
DIDN'T I READ SOME-  
WHERE THAT HE'D GIVEN  
UP REAL MEDICINE  
AND GONE BACK TO  
THE RESERVATION?

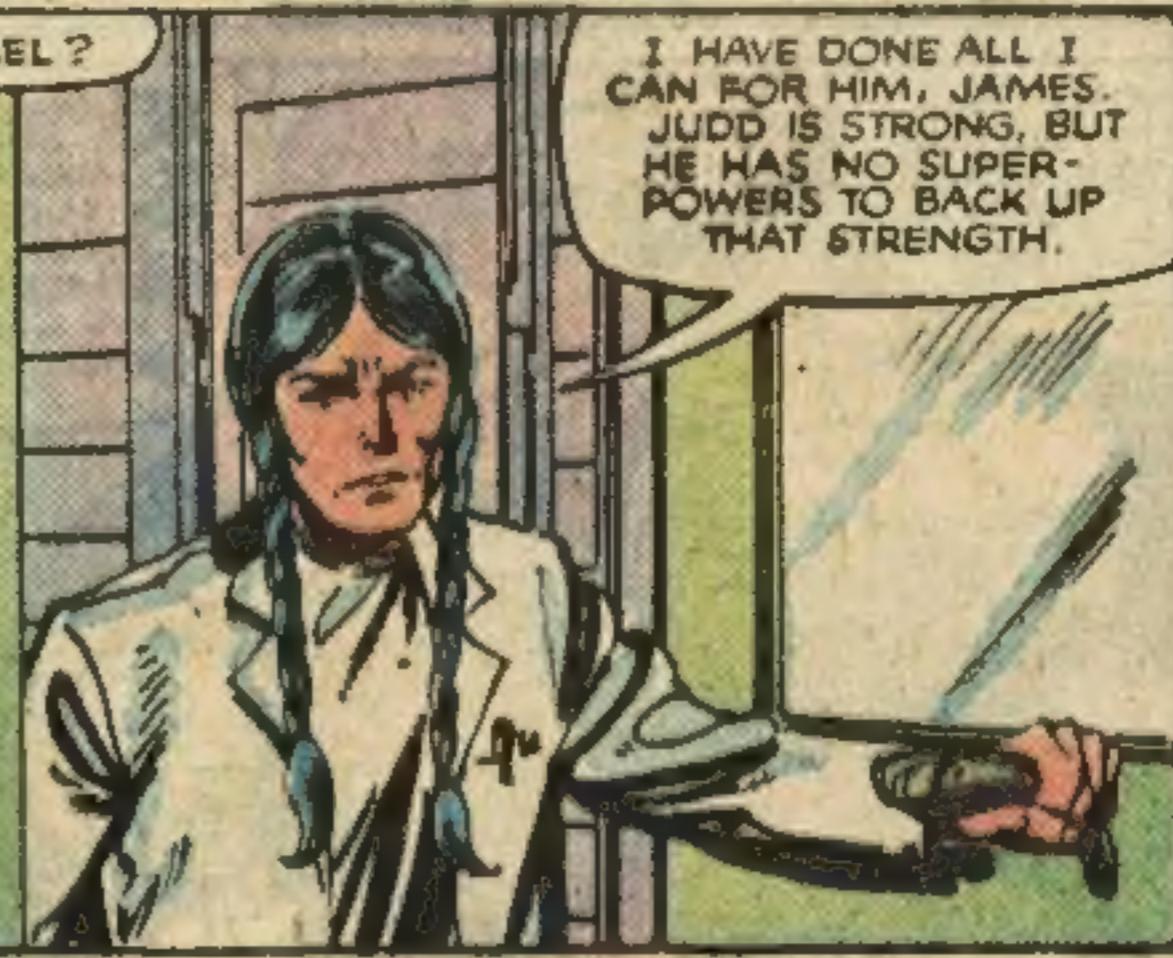
YEAH, I READ THAT  
TOO. BUT HE'S STILL  
MICHAEL TWOYOUNGMEN--  
AND UNLESS HE'S  
FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING  
HE EVER LEARNED...



"...THAT MEANS  
HE'S STILL  
THE HOTTEST  
CUTTER IN THE  
COUNTRY."

MICHAEL?

I HAVE DONE ALL I  
CAN FOR HIM, JAMES.  
JUDD IS STRONG, BUT  
HE HAS NO SUPER-  
POWERS TO BACK UP  
THAT STRENGTH.



IF HE WERE WOLVERINE,  
OR EVEN YOU, WALT, I  
WOULD NOT BE SO CON-  
CERNED. BUT HE HAS NOT  
MORE PHYSICAL DEFENSES  
THAN WE MERE  
MORTALS.

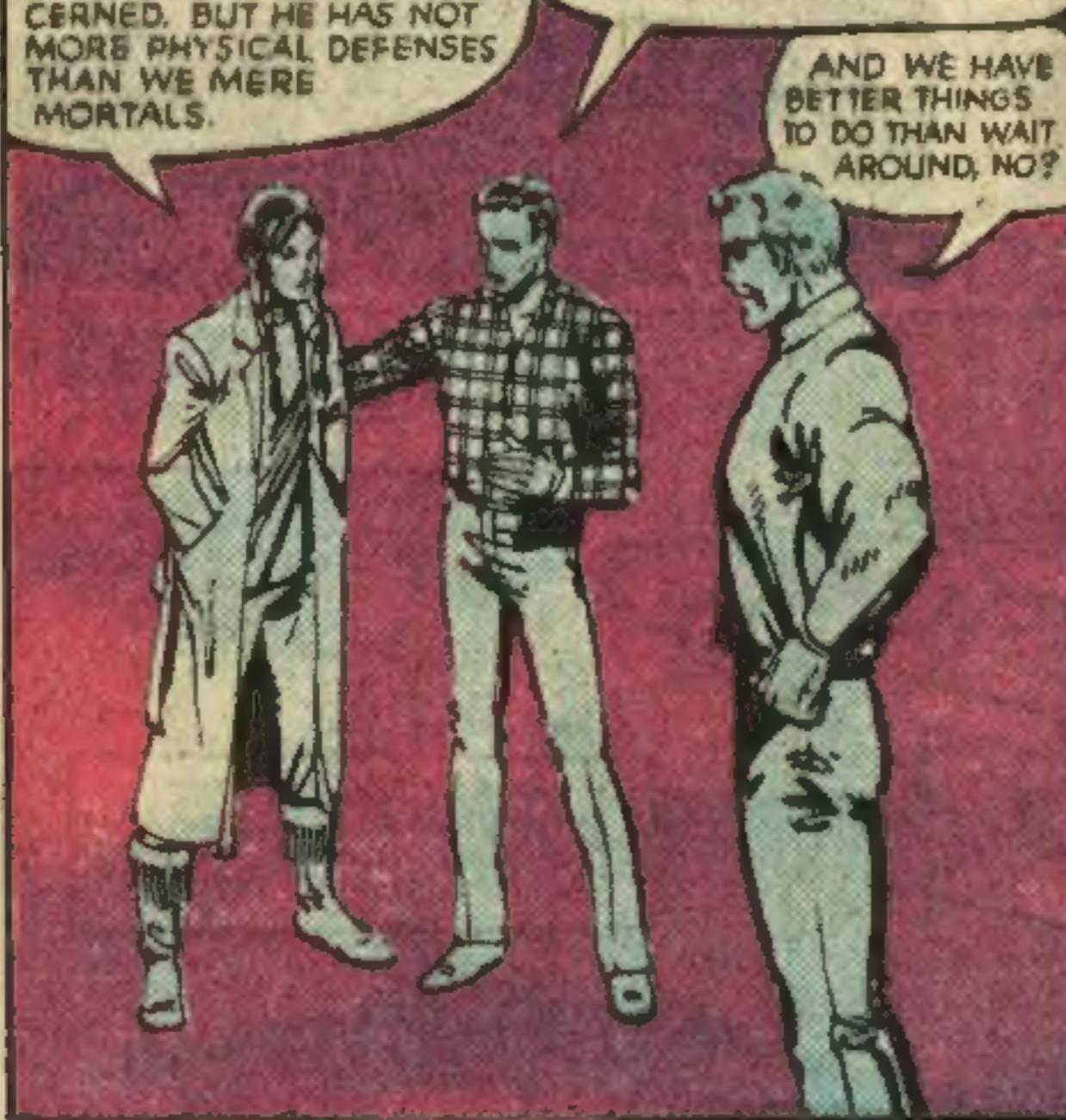
I'M SURE HE'LL PULL  
THROUGH WITH YOU LOOK-  
ING OUT FOR HIM, MICHAEL.

AND WE HAVE  
BETTER THINGS  
TO DO THAN WAIT  
AROUND, NO?

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
WALT. WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND MARRINA

FIND HER--AND,  
IF NECESSARY,  
STOP HER  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!

THEN  
LET'S GO!



GOOD  
LUCK, MY  
FRIENDS. MAY  
THE GREAT  
SPIRIT GO  
WITH YOU.

AND, AS SHAMAN  
SPEAKS THOSE WORDS

A THOUSAND MILES  
TO THE NORTH AND  
WEST, AT AN ISOLATED  
RCMP POST IN  
THE DISTRICT OF  
MACKENZIE, NWT

CORPORAL ANNE MCKENZIE,  
RECORDS OFFICER, IS NOT  
HAVING A GOOD DAY.

HE HATES ME, AND  
HE IS DETERMINED  
TO FRUSTRATE ME

HE FEARS I MIGHT USE MY  
POWERS AGAINST CHIEF  
INSPECTOR HAMILTON,  
AND... YES, THERE ARE  
TIMES WHEN...

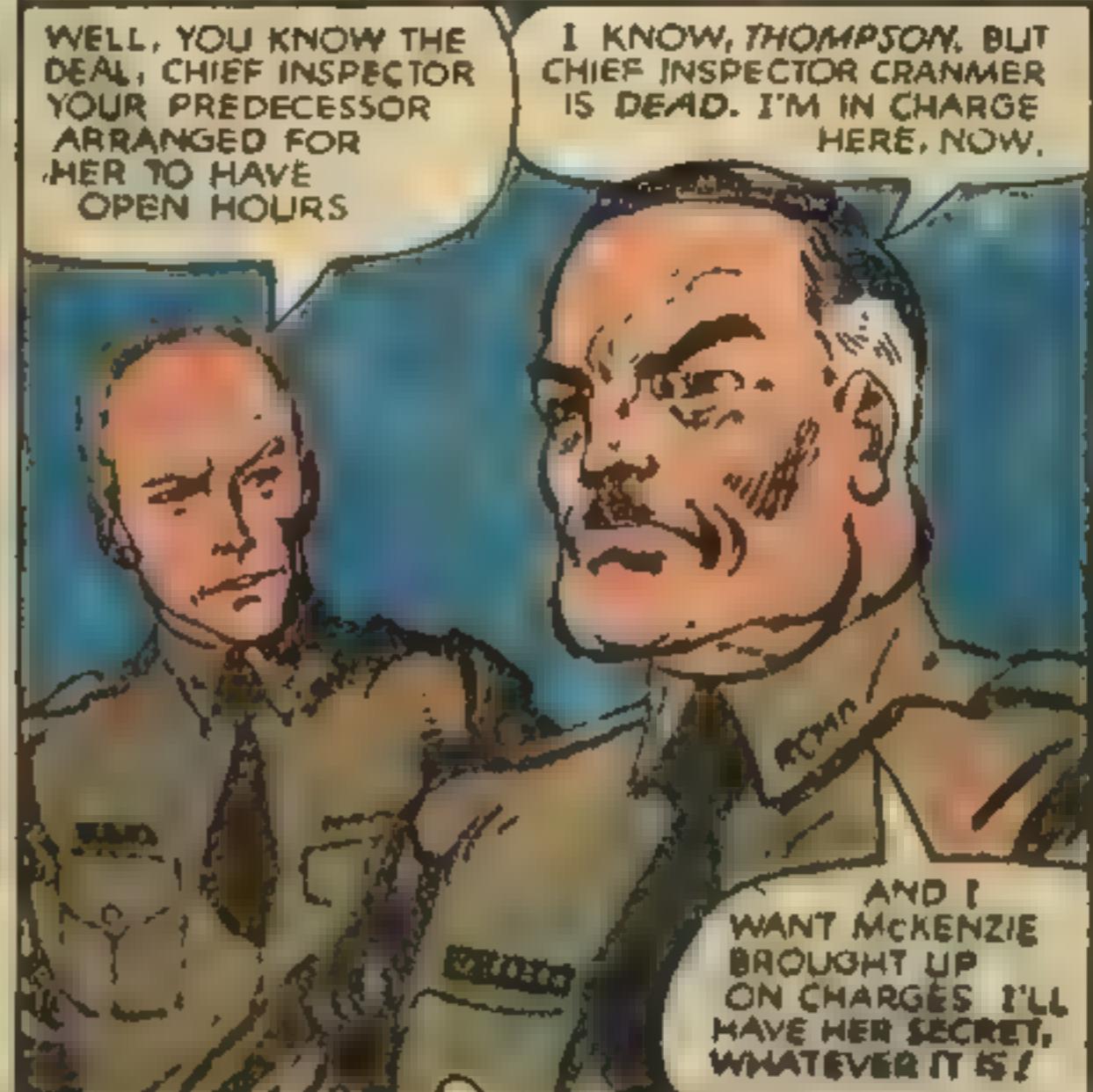
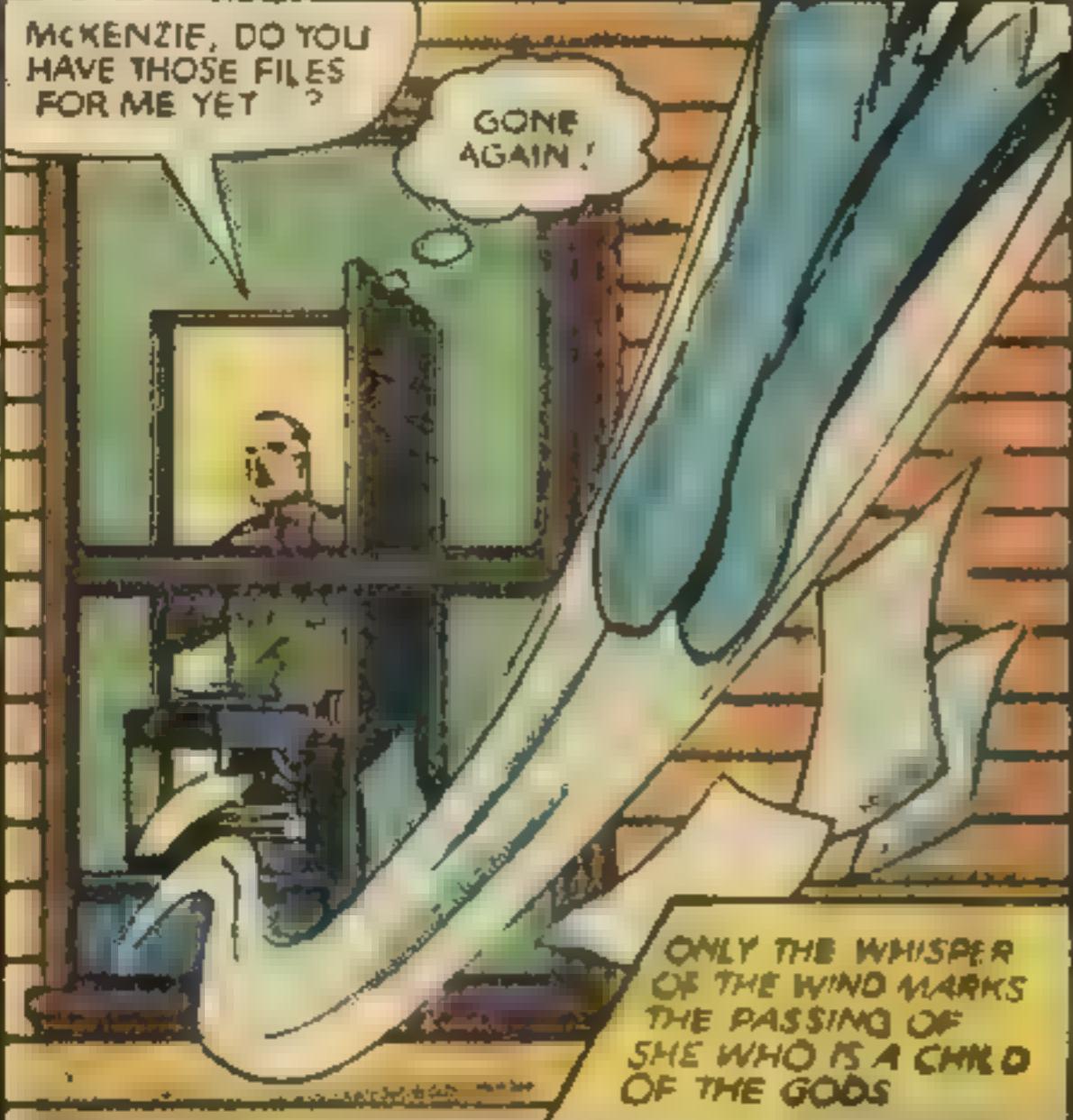


SHAMAN! HE HAS INVOKED  
THE NAME OF THE  
GREAT SPIRIT

SOME MENACE  
MUST THREATEN  
ALPHA FLIGHT

AND I MUST  
GO QUICKLY TO  
THEIR AID -- NOT  
AS THE MORTAL  
ANNE MCKENZIE.

BUT AS  
**SNOWBIRD!**



AND, AS UNGUESSED DEVELOPMENTS COMPLICATE THE LIFE OF SNOWBIRD...

HER MORE-THAN-HUMAN SENSES GUIDE HER UNERRINGLY TOWARDS...

...ALPHA FLIGHT'S TOP-SECRET OMNI-SHIP.  
WHERE EVEN NOW URGENT, SCRAMBLE COMMUNICATIONS ARE BEING EXCHANGED.

THAT'S WHAT I SAID, CODY

SOME MADNESS SEEMED TO SEIZE CONTROL OF HER. WE'RE TRACKING HER MOVEMENTS NOW, AND SHE SEEMS TO BE VECTORIZING FOR THE MAGNETIC NORTH POLE.

AT LEAST THAT'S STILL IN CANADA

IF SHE GOES OVER THE POLE, LET ME KNOW. THERE COULD BE SERIOUS DIPLOMATIC REPERCUSSIONS IF SHE INVADES SOVIET WATERS.

ROGER I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED

AND, SPEAKING OF KEEPING PEOPLE INFORMED.

WHAT ABOUT US, JIMMY? WE STILL KNOW ZILCH ABOUT MARRINA. I THINK WE'RE DUE FOR A BRIEFING.

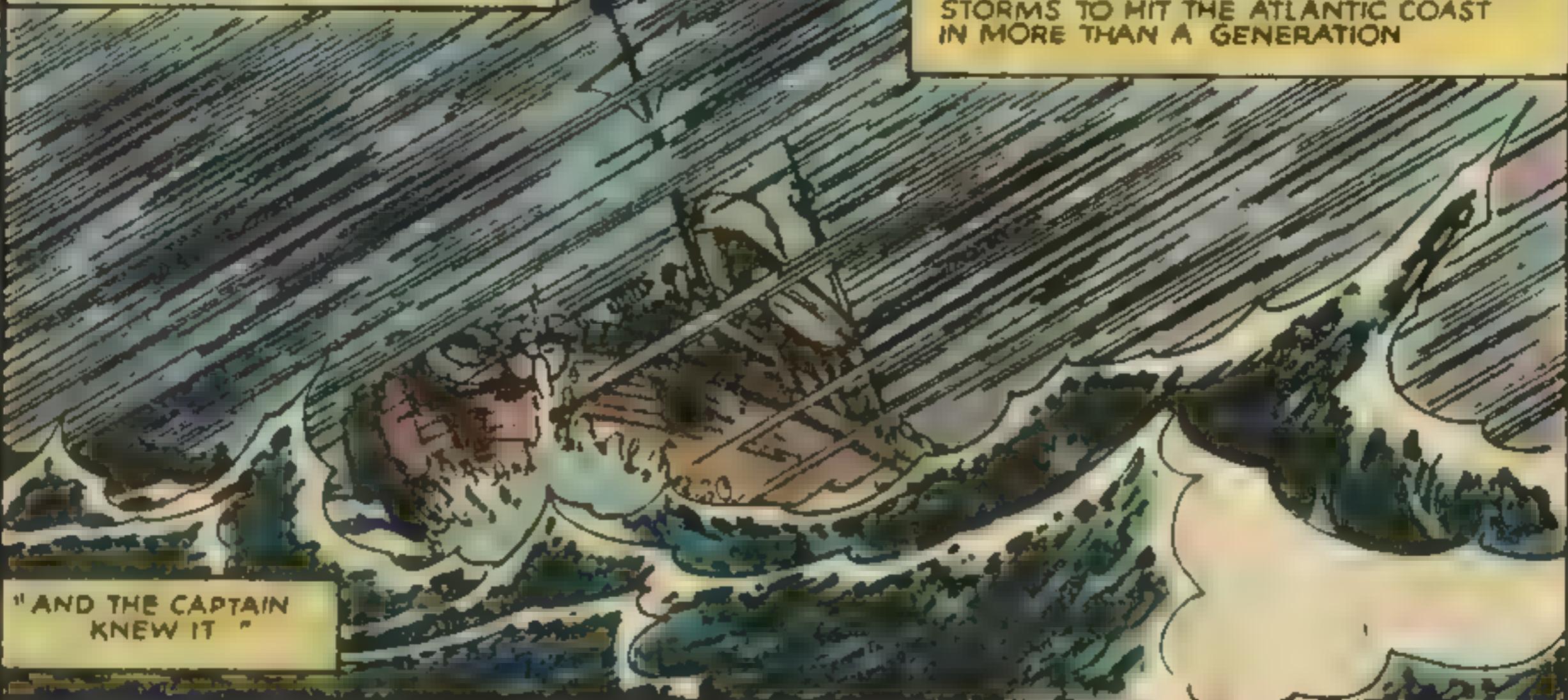
I'LL TELL YOU AS MUCH AS I KNOW, FRIENDS

D'ACCORD. TELL US, CHER JAMES

BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND THAT DOESN'T MEAN A WHOLE LOT

"IT BEGAN EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, OFF THE GRAND BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

"THE 'MARY D' WAS A SMALL FISHING TRAWLER, AND HAD NO BUSINESS BEING OUT THAT NIGHT, IN ONE OF THE WORST STORMS TO HIT THE ATLANTIC COAST IN MORE THAN A GENERATION



"AND THE CAPTAIN KNEW IT"

"SKIPPER, NO! Y' CANNAE GO OUTSIDE IN THIS GALE! YOU'LL NOT LAST TWO MINUTES ON DECK!"

"NEITHER WILL THE NETS IF WE DON'T GET 'EM LASHED, ANGUS

"AND MY INSURANCE WILL NOT COVER ME FOR A MAD TRIP LIKE THIS."



"SO, DENYING EVERYTHING HE'D LEARNED IN FORTY YEARS AT SEA TOM SMALLWOOD WENT OUT ON THE DECK

"AND THE FIRST MATE PROVED WRONG.



"HE WAS A STRONG SWIMMER, AND MIGHT HAVE FADED NOT TOO BADLY...



"THEN...

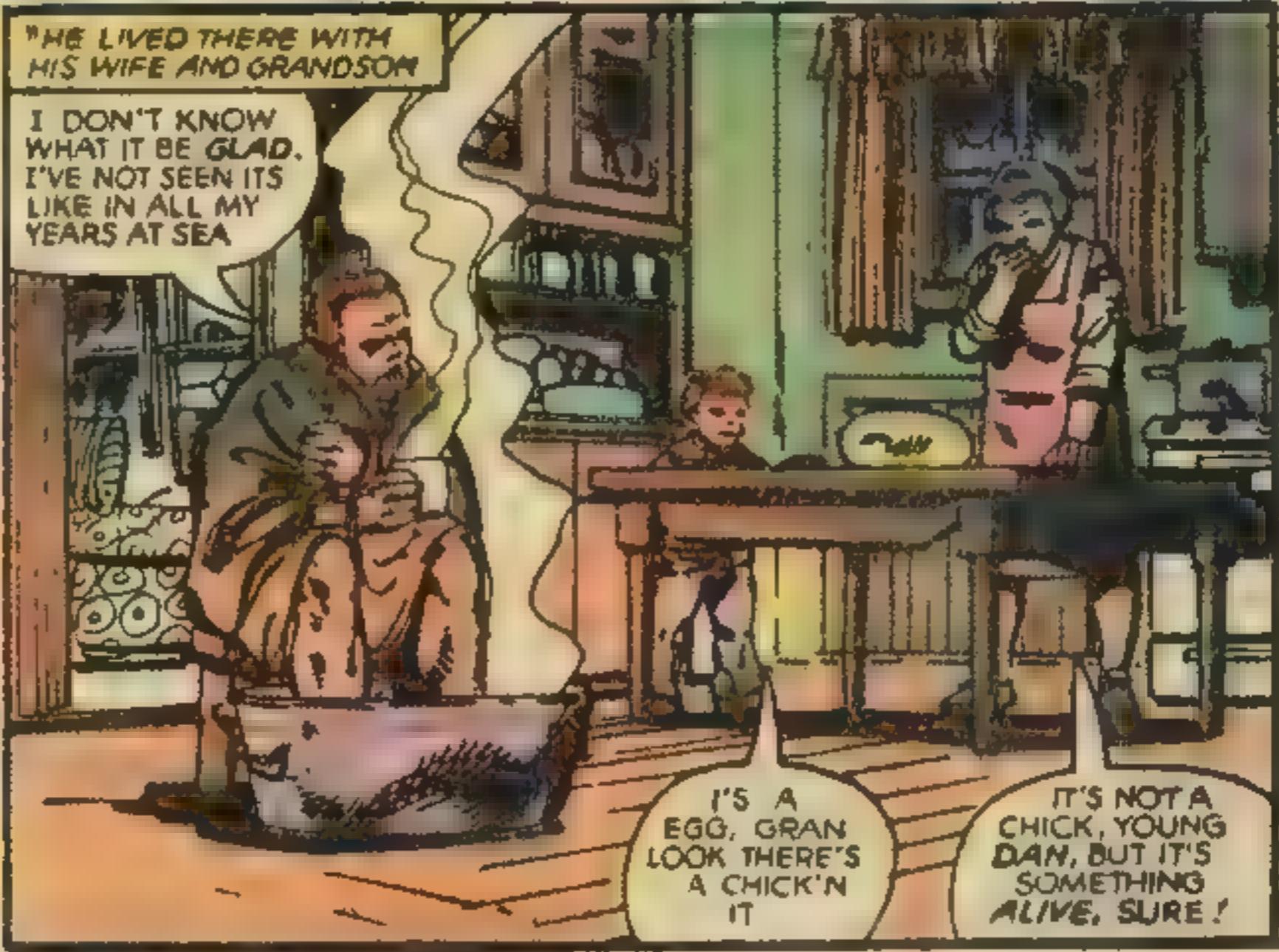
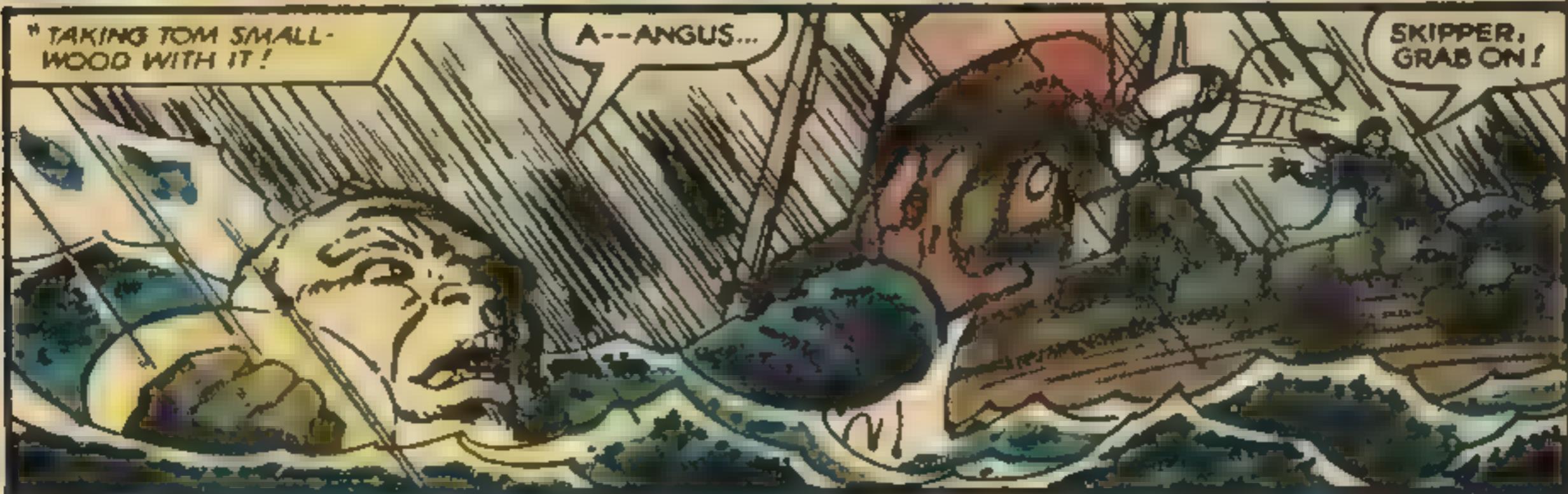
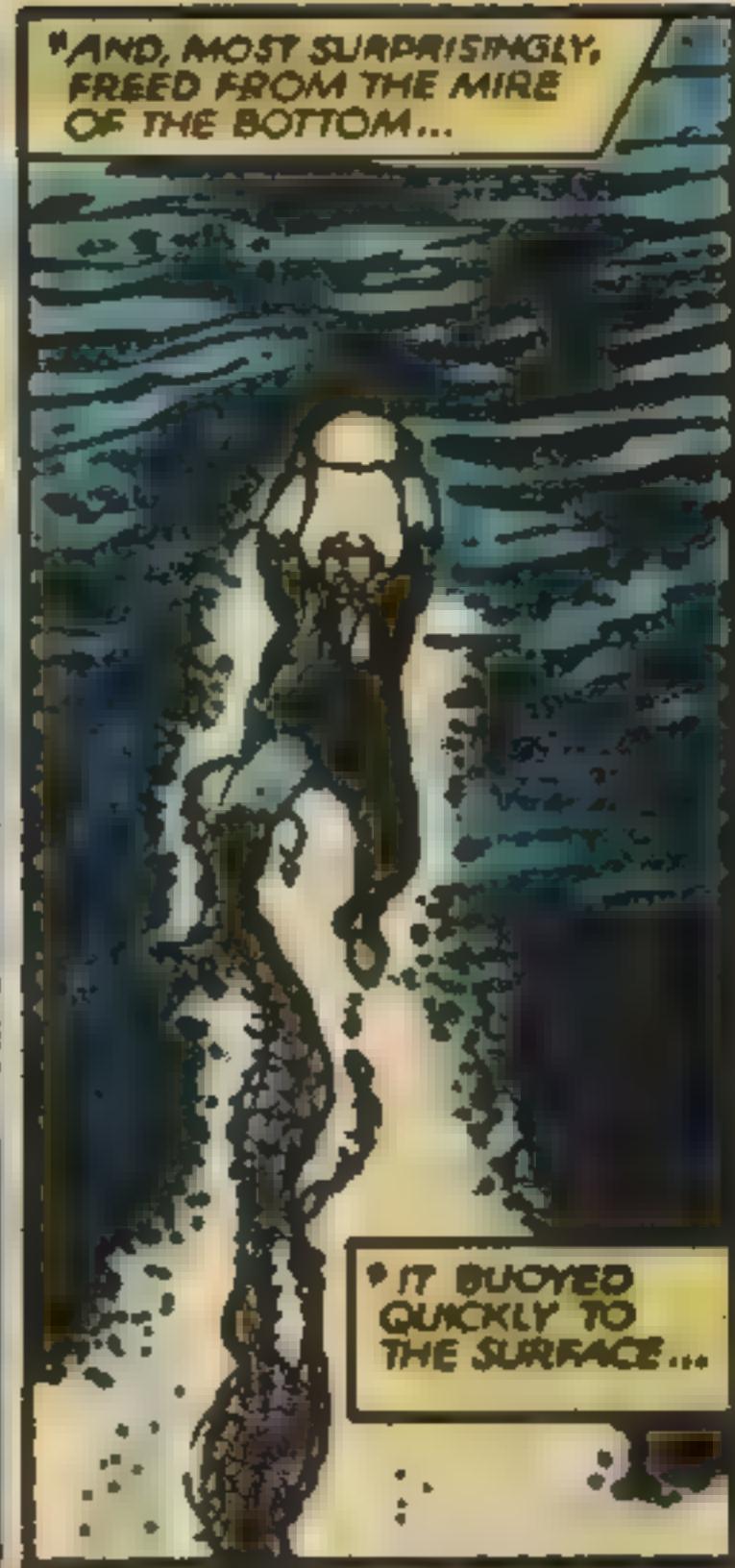
"A...LIGHT?"

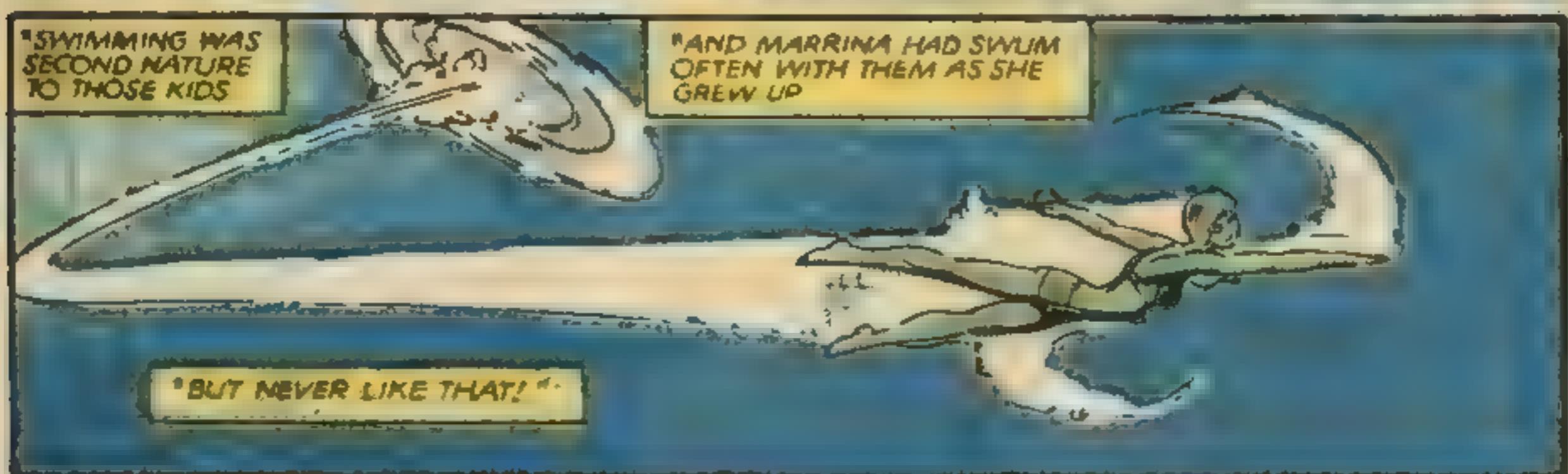
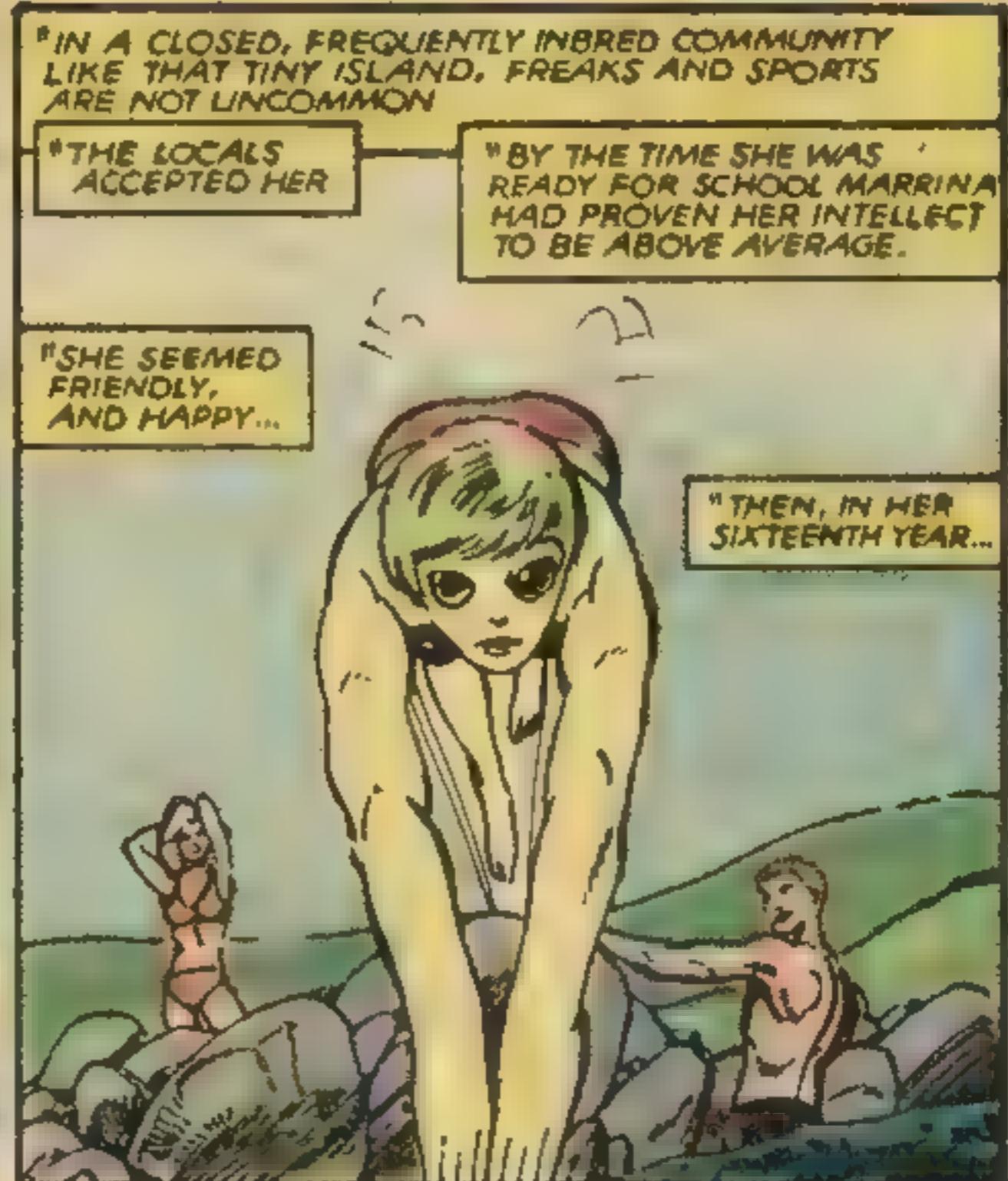
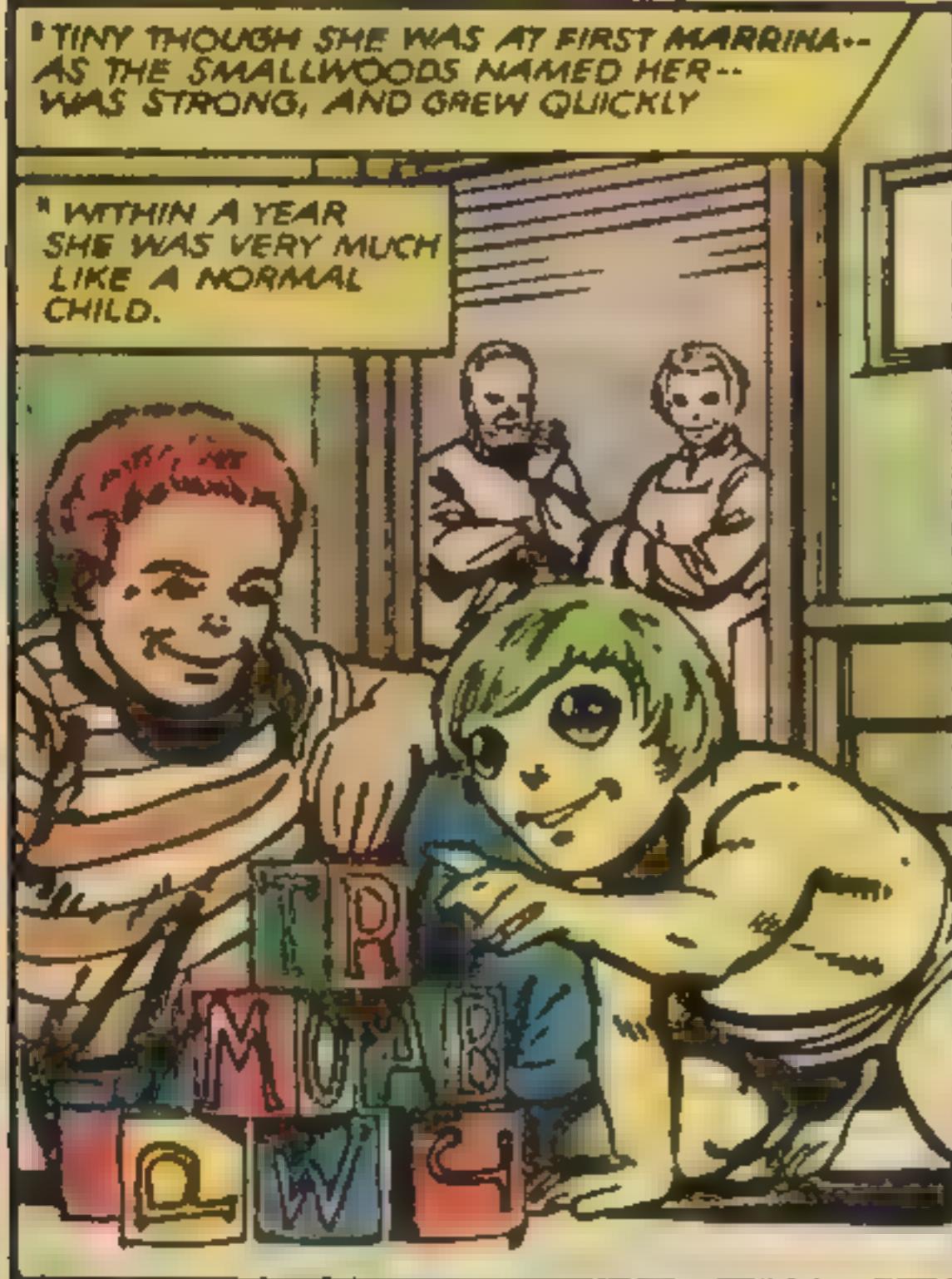
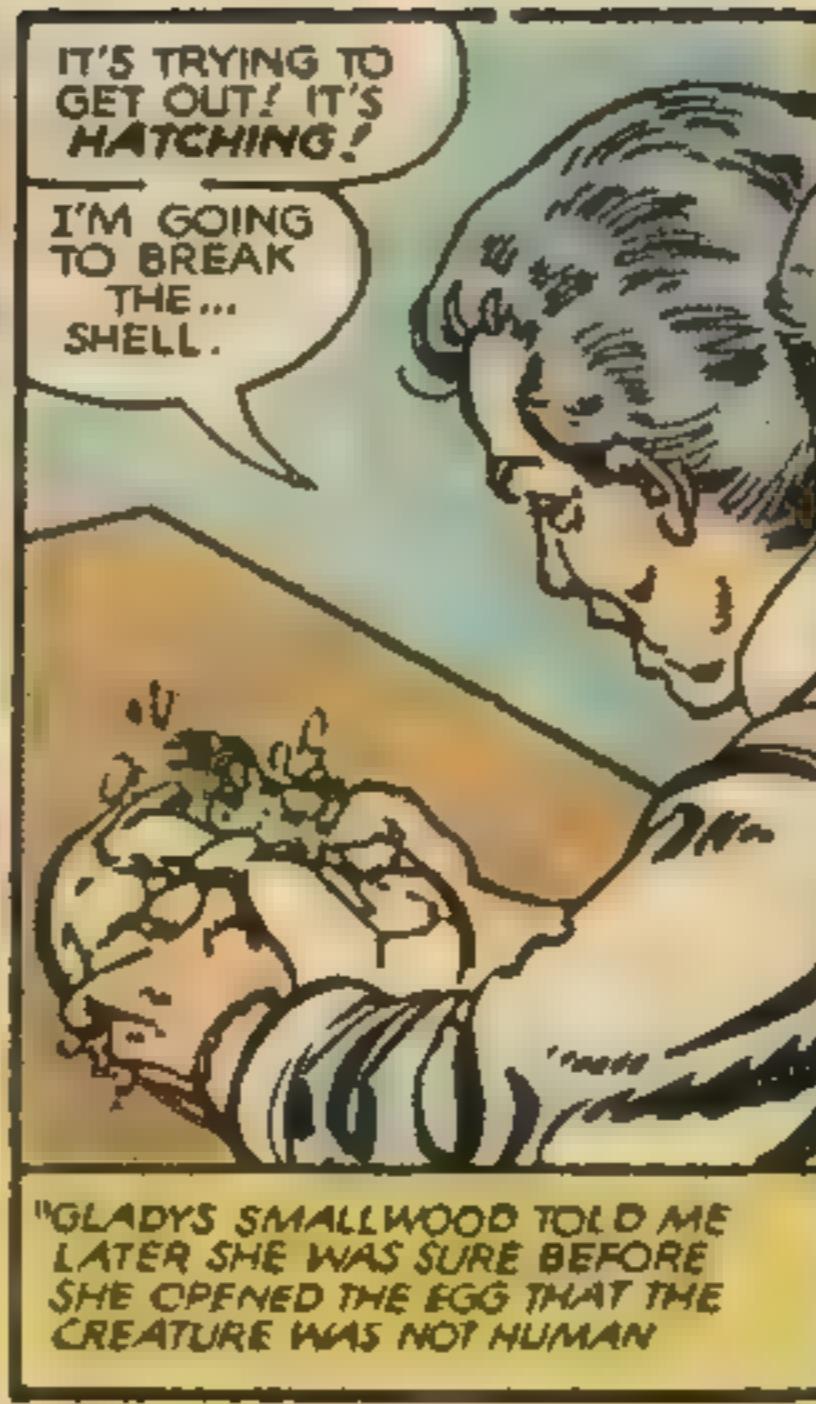


"SMALLWOOD LASTED A FULL FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE STORM SWEPT HIM OVERBOARD.

"BUT THE SWIRLING SEAS TANGLED HIM HOPELESSLY IN THE NETS, AND THE SINKERS PULLED HIM DOWN

"METAPHORS OF DROWNING MEN CLUTCHING AT STRAWS WOULD BE REDUNDANT."





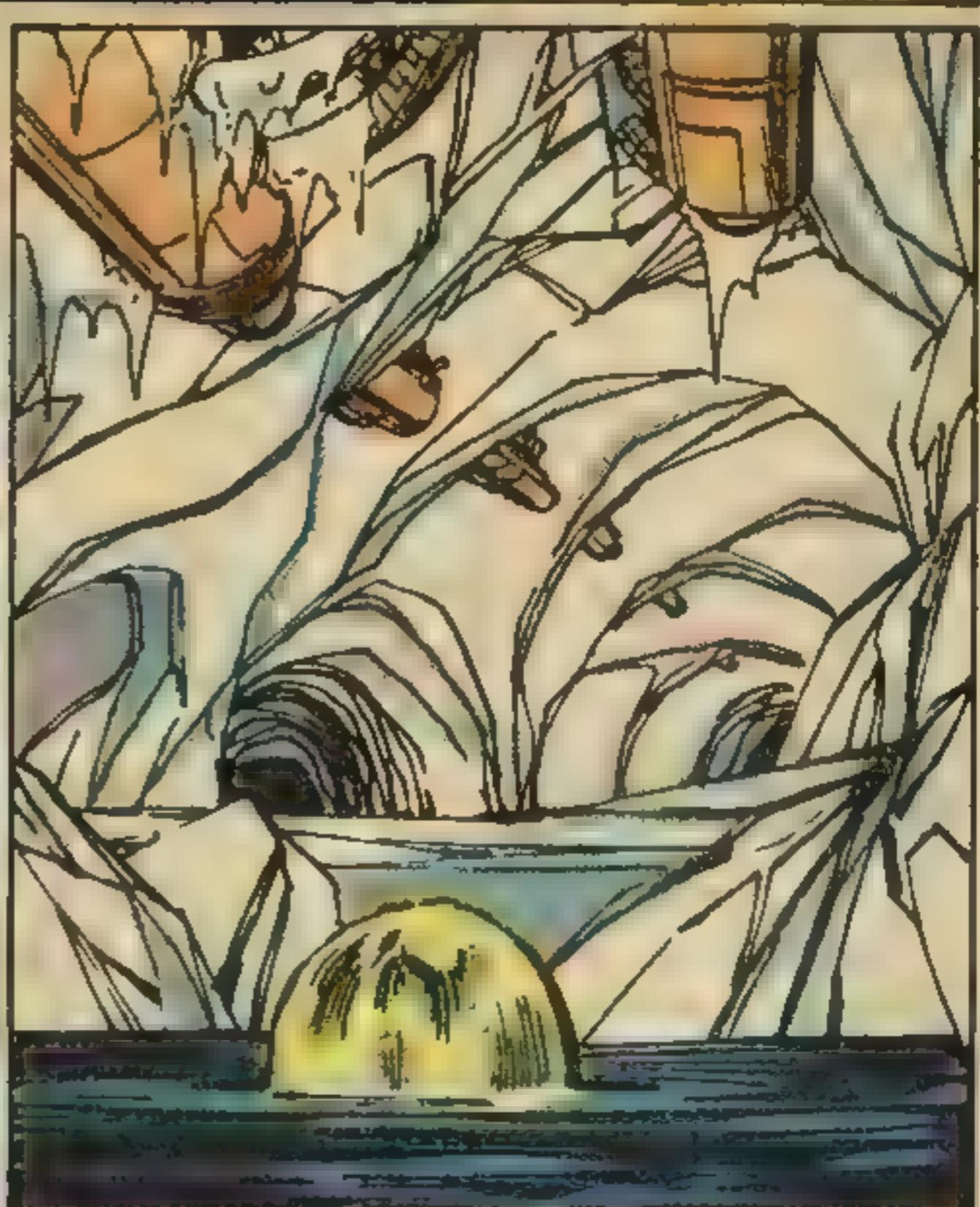
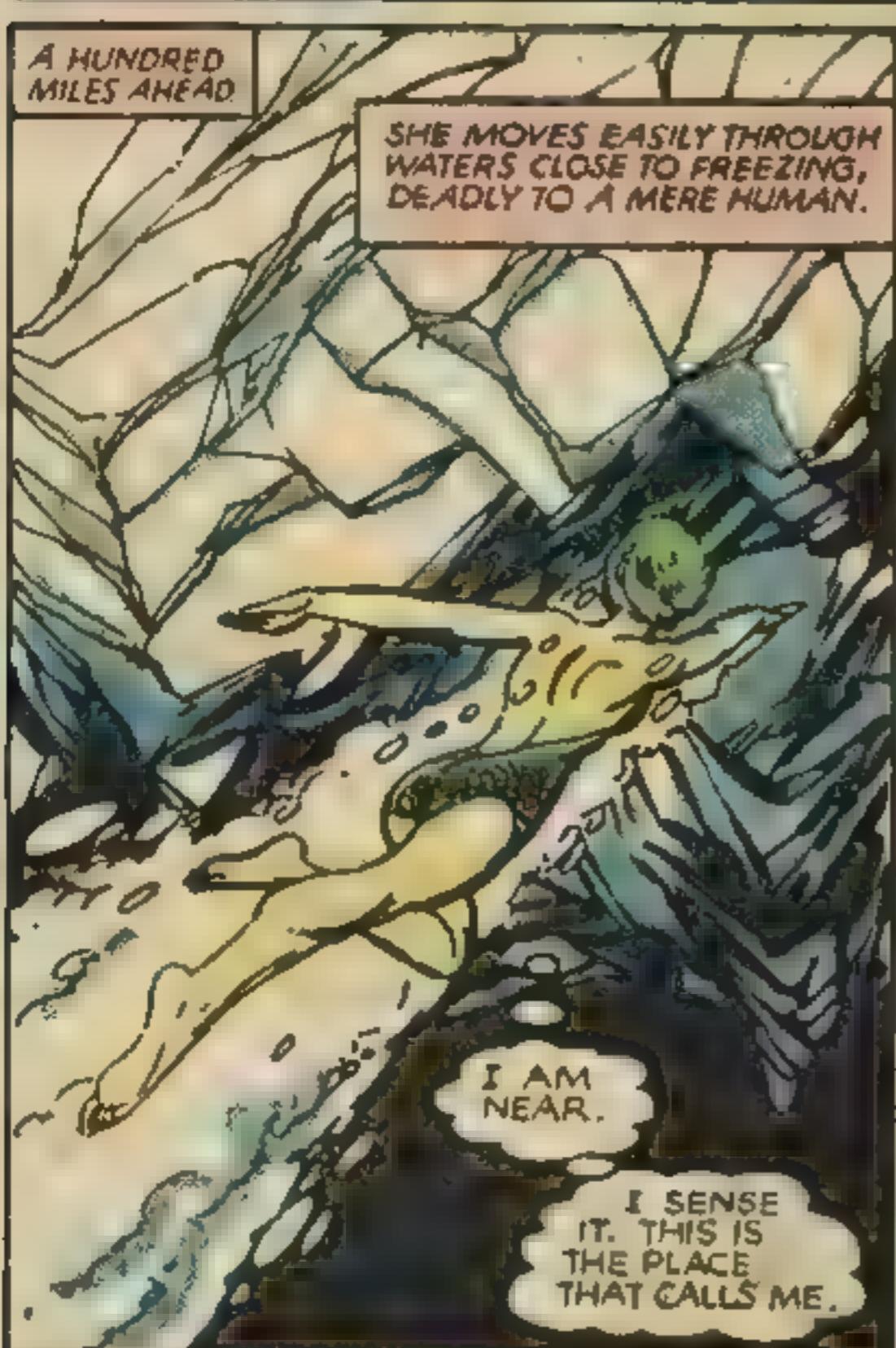
THAT WAS THE FIRST REAL INDICATION THEY HAD THAT THERE WAS MUCH, MUCH MORE TO MARRINA THAN JUST AN UNUSUAL BIRTH. TEN MONTHS AFTER THE INCIDENT DAN SMALLWOOD, HER "BROTHER," GOT IN TOUCH WITH THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE.

FROM THERE IT WAS A QUICK PROGRESSION TO DEPARTMENT H, AND I INDUCTED HER INTO GAMMA FLIGHT. IN FACT, SHE WAS THE FIRST OF THEM. WITHIN MONTHS SHE'D RISEN TO BETA...

AND ALL THIS ON TRUST ALONE, JIM? YOU COULDN'T HAVE RUN THE STANDARD PSYCH-TESTS, OR YOU'D NEVER HAVE LET HER INTO ALPHA.



ON THE CONTRARY, WALT MARRINA WAS AS THOROUGHLY CHECKED OUT AS ANY OF YOU. AND SHE PASSED WITH FLYING COLORS.



THERE IS NO SOUND BUT THE SPLASH OF WATER FALLING FROM HER OWN BODY.

THE SILENCE IS VAST AND ANCIENT, AND SEEMS TO SWALLOW ALL NOISE.

YET, STILL SHE HEARS THE SIREN CALL.

THOUGH PERHAPS "HEARS" IS NOT THE TRUE WORD, FOR IT IS NOT HER EARS THAT SENSE THE SIGNAL.

IT THRILLS THROUGH HER ENTIRE BEING, PULSES AS HER BLOOD PULSES.

THIS PLACE IS STRANGE, TOTALLY ALIEN TO HER.

YET SHE IS UNAFRAID. SHE DOES NOT FEEL OUT OF PLACE IN THIS CURIOUS MELTING OF ICE AND METAL.

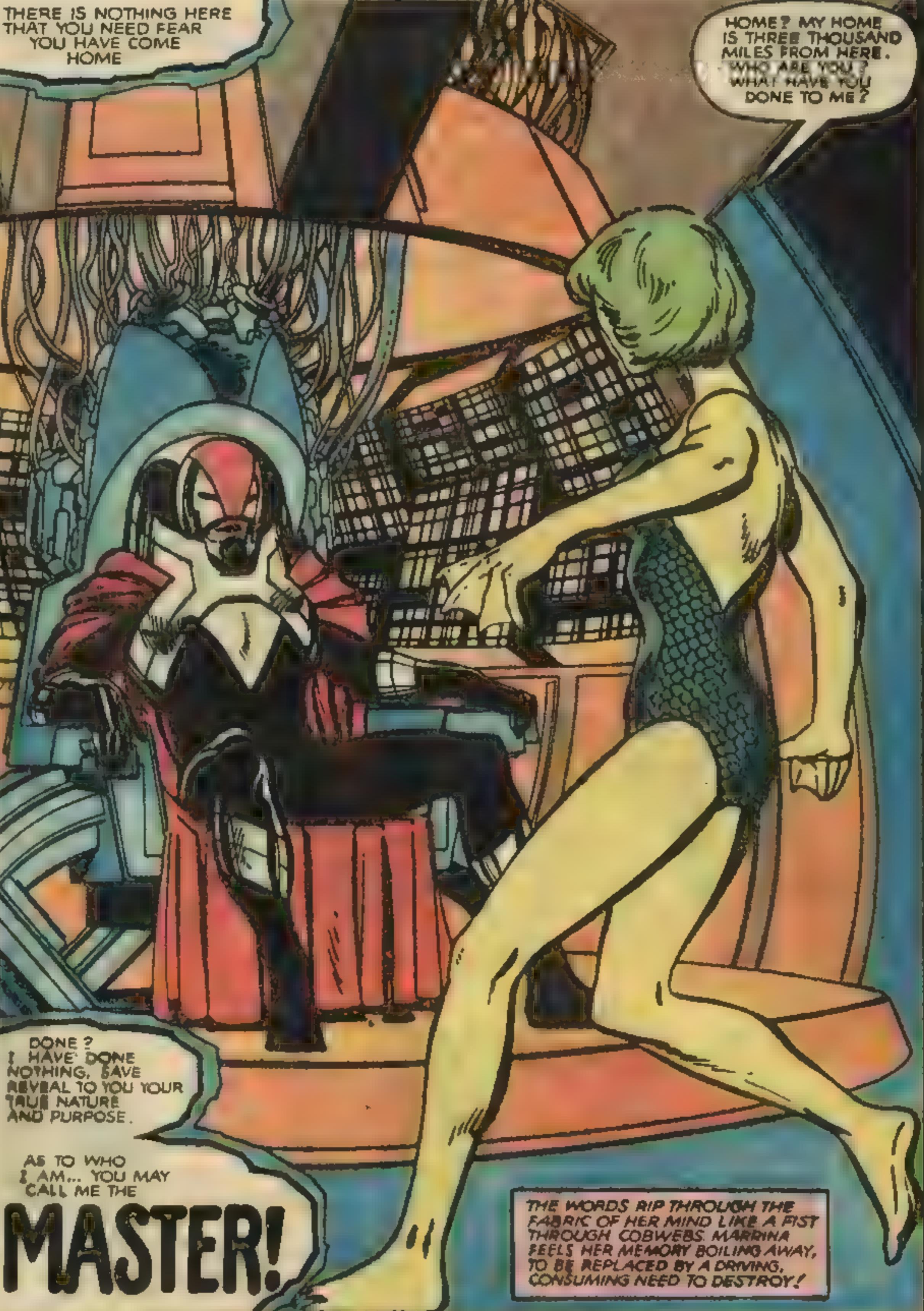
RATHER, WITH EACH STEP SHE FEELS A WARMTH, A COMFORTING PEACE SWELLING WITHIN HER BREAST.

UNTIL...

DO NOT HESITATE CHILD

THERE IS NOTHING HERE  
THAT YOU NEED FEAR  
YOU HAVE COME  
HOME

HOME? MY HOME  
IS THREE THOUSAND  
MILES FROM HERE.  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE TO ME?



NEXT ISSUE! MORE OF  
THE MYSTERY OF MARRINA,  
MORE OF THE ENIGMATIC  
MASTER, AND A SURPRISE  
GUEST-STAR, ALL IN...

The **GENESIS EFFECT!**

SPECIAL  
FEATURE!

# THE ORIGINS OF ALPHA FLIGHT IN THE BEGINNING...

TEN YEARS AGO,  
THE RESEARCH AND  
DEVELOPMENT  
SECTION OF THE  
AM-CAN PETROLEUM  
COMPANY, EDMONTON,  
ALBERTA

JERRY,  
NO! YOU  
REALLY  
CAN'T BE  
DOING THIS  
TO ME!

GENERAL --  
MY APOLOGIES  
FOR THIS NON-  
SENSE. I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HUDSON'S BEHAVIOR

PLEASE DON'T  
APOLOGIZE,  
MR. JAXON  
OR HUDSON IS  
NATURALLY UPSET  
OVER THESE  
DEVELOPMENTS.

YOU'RE FAR TOO KIND,  
GENERAL. DR. HUDSON IS  
CLEARLY IGNORING THE  
FACT THAT THIS TOY OF HIS  
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN  
BUILT IF I -- AND AM-CAN --  
HAD NOT BEEN PREPARED  
TO TAKE THE FINANCIAL  
GAMBLE ON HIS IDEAS

AND NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO TURN MY  
INVENTION OVER TO THE  
MILITARY? THE  
AMERICAN MILITARY?

THAT'S REALITY, JIM. THE  
MAJORITY OF OUR FUNDING  
IS AMERICAN, AND OUR  
PARENT OFFICE HAS MADE  
DEALS WITH THE ARMY  
BEFORE...

THAT  
STINKS,  
JERRY.

WELL, THEY  
HAVEN'T MADE ANY  
DEALS WITH ME!  
NOT WITH ME!

JIM!

AND, AS THE MAN DESTINED TO BECOME VINDICATOR STORMS OUT OF HIS LAB, AND INTO A NIGHTMARE OF SHATTERED FAITH...

D-DOCTOR HUDSON?  
I -- I'M SORRY. I  
WANTED TO WARN YOU,  
BUT MR. JAXON  
WOULDN'T LET ME.

HM?

OH - ER - YES.  
IT'S ... MISS MCNEIL,  
ISN'T IT? YOU'RE  
JERRY'S PRIVATE  
SECRETARY.

I WAS. I PUT IN  
MY RESIGNATION  
WHEN I FOUND  
OUT HE WAS  
GOING TO DO THIS  
TO YOU.

YOU ... QUIT? MISS  
MCNEIL, I'M FLATTERED,  
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T...

PLEASE  
CALL ME HEATHER.  
DR. HUDSON.  
AND DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
IT, REALLY.

I JUST COULDN'T  
WORK FOR MR. JAXON,  
KNOWING HOW HE'D  
BETRAYED A  
GREAT MAN LIKE  
YOU.

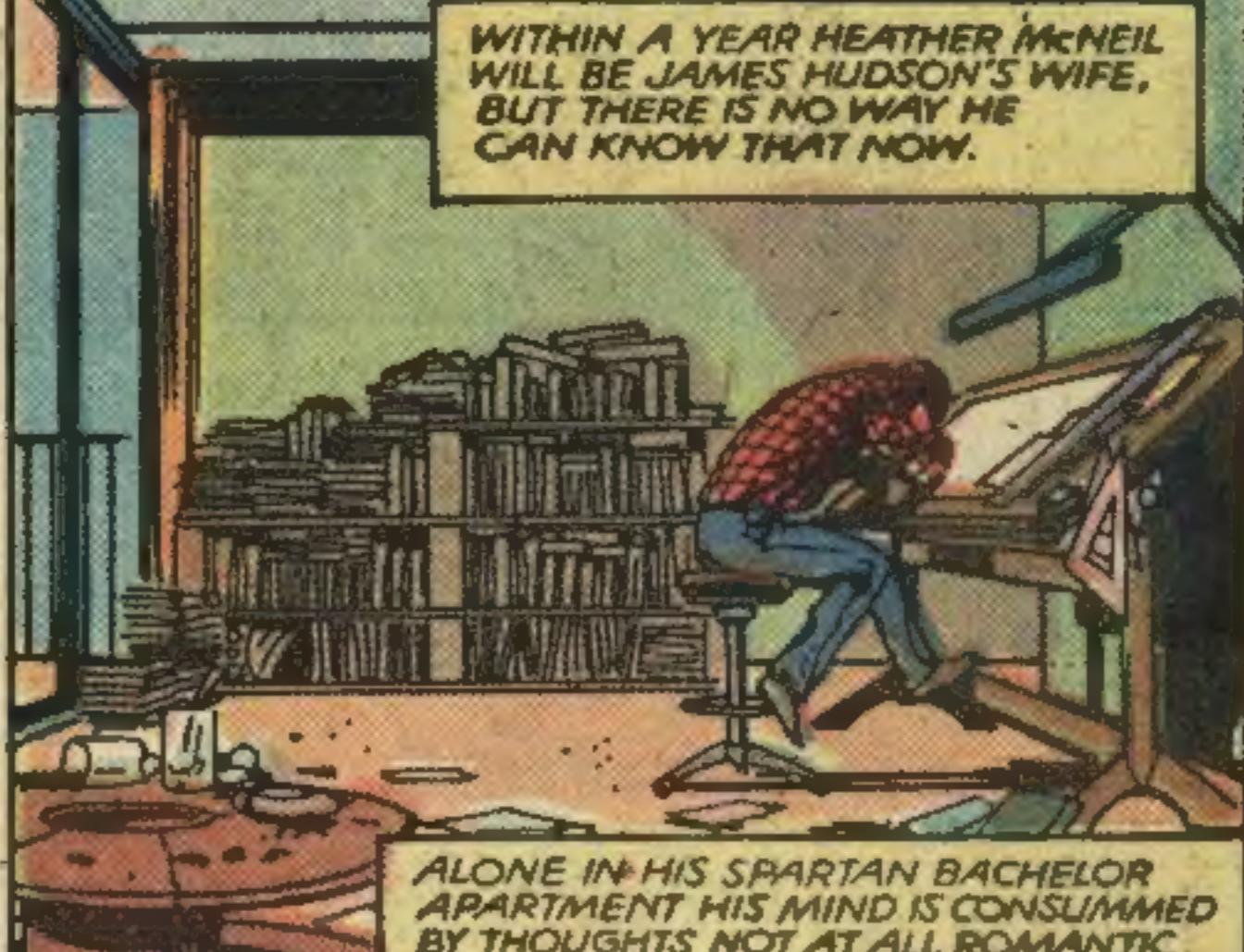
I WAS - UM -  
I WAS WONDER-  
ING IF YOU'D  
LIKE TO COME UP  
TO MY PLACE  
TONIGHT.

I COULD FIX  
YOU MY FAMOUS  
LASAGNA, AND  
WE COULD ...  
TALK.

WELL ... ER ... THANK  
YOU, HEATHER.  
BUT I ... HAVE  
OTHER PLANS.  
SOME OTHER  
TIME, PERHAPS.

THUS DOES FATE PLAY DICE  
WITH THE LIVES OF MEN.

WITHIN A YEAR HEATHER MCNEIL  
WILL BE JAMES HUDSON'S WIFE,  
BUT THERE IS NO WAY HE  
CAN KNOW THAT NOW.

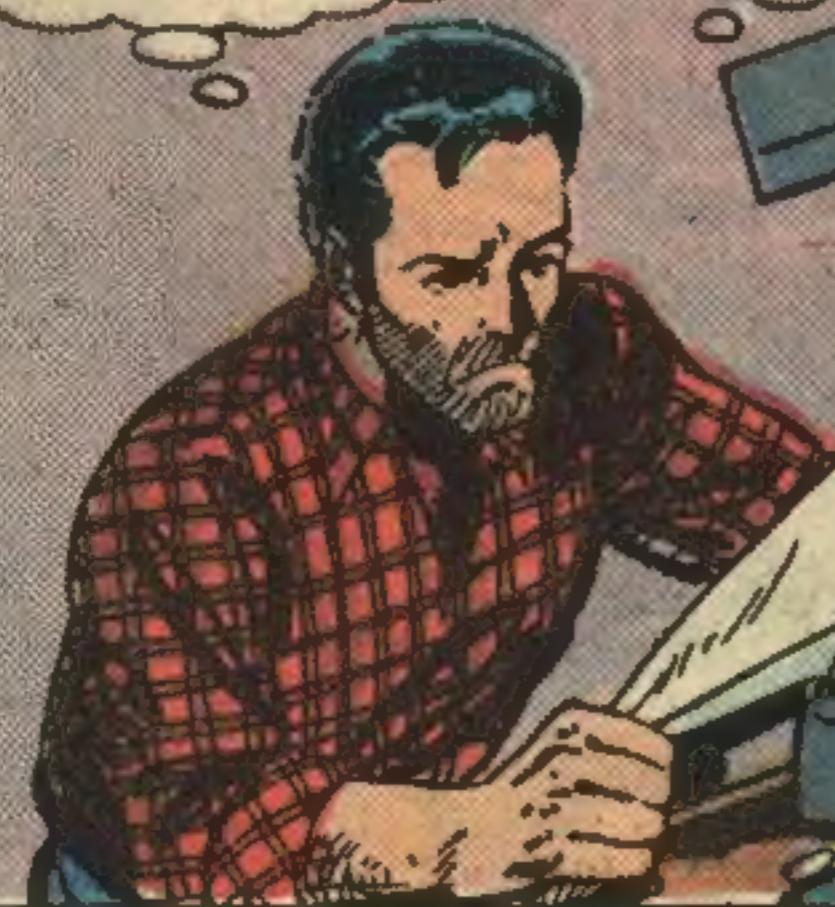


ALONE IN HIS SPARTAN BACHELOR  
APARTMENT HIS MIND IS CONSUMMED  
BY THOUGHTS NOT AT ALL ROMANTIC.

ALL THAT WORK, FOUR YEARS  
OF MY LIFE. AND FOR WHAT? I  
DESIGNED THE SUIT TO  
INCREASE EFFICIENCY IN  
EXPLORATION AND  
DEVELOPMENT.

NOW THE MILITARY  
WILL USE IT TO BLOW  
THE BLAZES OUT OF  
SOUTHEAST ASIA.

WELL, THIS  
TIME IT ISN'T  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN!



IT JUST ISN'T  
FAIR. WHY  
MUST SCIENCE  
CONSTANTLY BE  
PERVERTED BY  
THE WARMONGERS?



I'LL BLOODY  
WELL SEE  
TO THAT!

THUS, LATE THAT NIGHT, AT AM-CAN...

DOCTOR HUDSON!  
YOU'RE WORKIN'  
LATE, AIN'T CHA?  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WAS FINISHED  
BURNIN' THE MID-  
NIGHT OIL.

NOT YET, POPS. LOOKS  
LIKE I'VE GOT ONE LAST  
JOB TO DO BEFORE  
I'M REALLY DONE.

YOU  
SCIENTISTS!

TEN MINUTES  
LATER...

PERFECT,  
POPS?

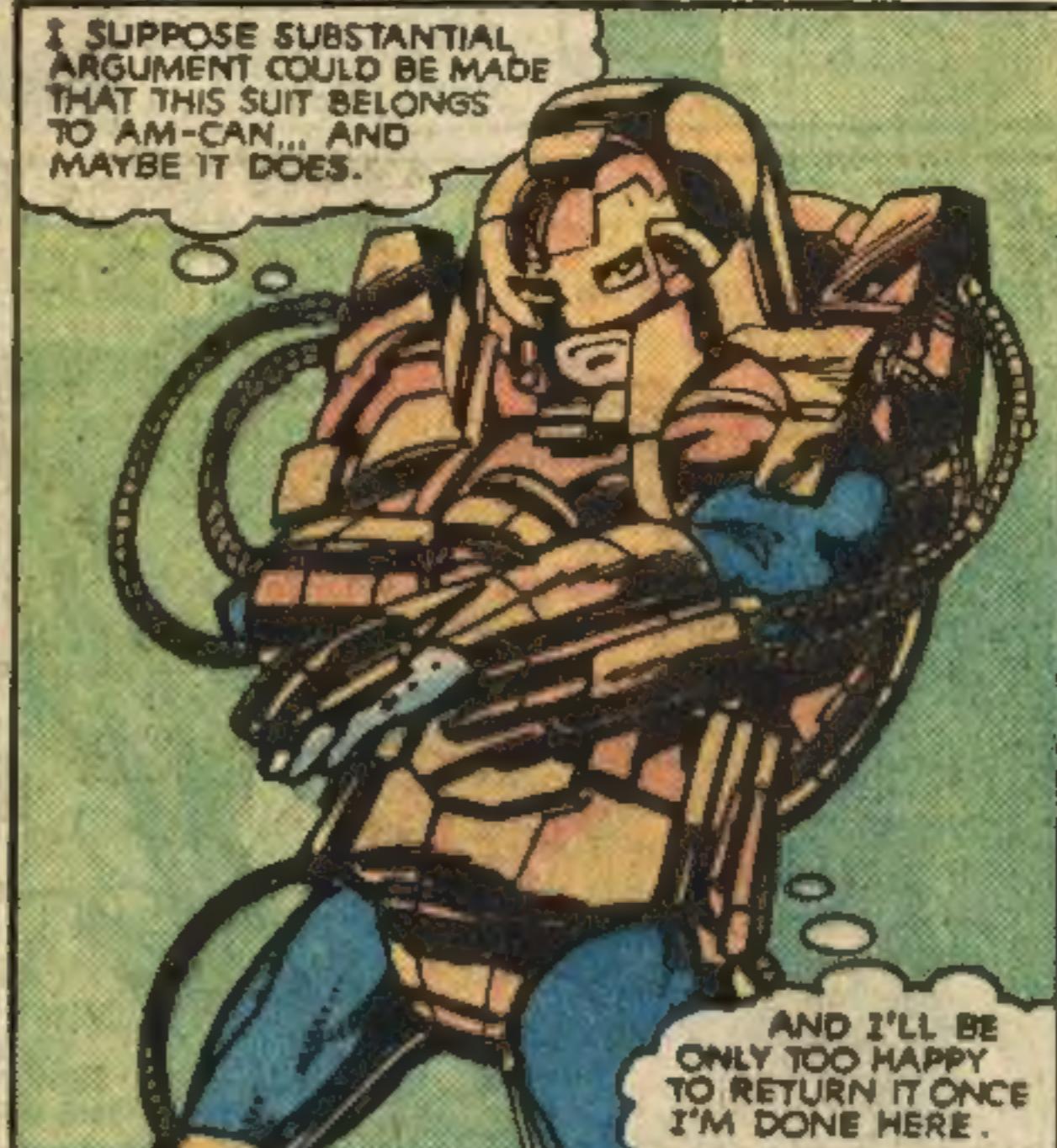
NO-- IT'S NOT  
PERFECT.

I THOUGHT IT  
WAS PERFECT. I  
THOUGHT JERRY JAXON  
WAS MY FRIEND, SOME-  
ONE I COULD TRUST WITH  
MY PLANS AND IDEALS.

INSTEAD, I FIND A  
CORPORATE VIPER IN THE OL'  
BOSOM. THANKS A LOT,  
JER.

I SUPPOSE SUBSTANTIAL  
ARGUMENT COULD BE MADE  
THAT THIS SUIT BELONGS  
TO AM-CAN... AND  
MAYBE IT DOES.

CRRRK!



THE SUIT WASN'T  
REALLY DESIGNED  
FOR INTERIOR USE...

BUT THAT JUST  
MEANS I'LL HAVE  
TO SACRIFICE  
NEATNESS TO  
GET THE JOB  
DONE.

TEN FLOORS LATER...

THE NUMBER  
THREE SUB-  
BASEMENT.

HE'LL HAVE PUT  
THE BLUEPRINTS  
IN THE MAXIMUM-  
SECURITY SAFE.

MMH. THE SERVOS  
OF THE EXO-SKELETON  
SEEMS WEAKER THAN  
I'D ANTICIPATED.

GOOD. ALL THE  
PLANS ARE HERE,  
AND MY SEALS ARE  
UNBROKEN. NO WAY  
JERRY COULD HAVE  
HAD COPIES MADE.

IF MY OLD PAL JERRY  
IS RUNNING TRUE TO  
PARANOID FORM...

NOT THAT IT MATTERS.  
NO ONE WILL BE USING  
THIS SUIT AFTER I'M  
FINISHED HERE.

SO I'LL JUST  
FLASH-FRY THE  
ORIGINALS.

AND, WITH THAT  
TAKEN CARE OF...

THIS WILL BE THE FIRST  
PRACTICAL TEST OF THE  
SUIT'S FLYING CAPABILITIES.

BY MANIPULATING  
THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC  
FIELDS OF THE EARTH  
IT'S A SIMPLE  
ENOUGH PROCESS TO  
LIFT AND CARRY THE  
WEIGHT OF A MAN.

STEERING IS  
ACCOMPLISHED  
THE SAME WAY.

Hmm...



I'M PICKING UP A FAIR  
AMOUNT OF MOMENTUM.  
HOPE I'LL BE ABLE TO...

THE WORD IS  
"STOP."

SONUVAGUN! MAYBE  
SOMEBODY UP THERE  
DOES LOVE ME.  
THE SUIT'S INTACT,  
AND THE FORCE FIELD  
PROTECTED ME AS  
WELL AS ARMOR.

I'LL LEAVE THE  
SUIT WHERE IT  
CAN BE EASILY  
FOUND.

BUT THE  
CYBERNETIC  
HELMET IS MINE.  
I DESIGNED AND  
BUILT IT BEFORE  
I CAME TO AM-CAN.

LET'S JUST  
SEE 'EM TRY  
TO RUN THAT  
SUIT WITH-  
OUT IT!

NEXT ISSUE:  
JAMES HUDSON IS  
ONE STEP CLOSER  
TO BECOMING  
**WEAPON  
ALPHA.**

DON'T MISS  
THE BIRTH OF  
**ALPHA FLIGHT**  
IN THIRTY DAYS.

**PURPOSE**